I REVOKE!

My Dear Father-I am writing to tell you that I am still alive and now in England. May I come back to Ormsby Grange! I have been a not son to you in the past, but I will try to make up for it, God willing in the future. It is mark three years since our quarrel, when I left house and went abroad. Since then I have been wan dering about the world, an exile from my native land, spending a wretched existence, which has both chastened and sobered me. I am a different man, believe me, to what I was three years ago If you will not have me back again at the Grangat all events let me see you soon—when and where you will. Myers, the money lender, to whom I gave the post-obit bond which was the unhappy cause of my final rupture with you, has heard of my return and is, I know, on my track. I cannot, of course, pay him his iniquitous den you help me to settle with birs. Fray write to me is any case. A letter addressed to the Lion hotel, Swais, Yorkshire, will find me. Your af-RICHARD HAMMOND

The recipient of this letter, Mr. Charles Hammond, read it over and over again as he reclined in the large easy chair which had been arranged for him in his sick room -a pale, thin, worn looking figure, wasted almost to skin and bones, and enveloped in the folds of an embroidered dressing gown. He had asked to be left alone for a while with his morning's letters, and this appeal of his eldest son touched him deeply, for, in spite of the young man's wrongdoing, in the father's heart of hearts he was the best beloved of all his children still. That Dick had been unsteady, and even worse than unsteady, in the past was only too true, but his father now only remembered him as a frank, handsome fellow, who had been led away by evil companions into acts of profligacy and extravagance, yet who, had he been left to himself, would doubtless have developed into a good and honest

Mr. Hammond, who was 65 years of age, had been twice married, and had twice become a widower. Twenty years had elapsed since the death of his second wife, and his children were consequently all grown up, three of them being by the first and two by the second wife. He was a man of considerable wealth and of somewhat eccentric habits, having lived much alone of late. His three daughters were all married, and resided in different parts of the country; and his only other son, Paul, the elder of the children by the second wife, was very little at home. At the resent time, however, two of his daughters, as well as his son Paul and one of his sous-in-law, John Laybrook, were all staying with him, for it was feared that the old gentleman was dying. His sister, too, Miss Hammond, was also in constant at tendance on her sick brother.

As the invalid laid down his son's letter he took up and began to read over a will which he had made only a few weeks pre-viously. In this will his son Richard's name was not once mentioned. He had left everything to his four remaining children. Mr. Hammond was fond of will making. He had made several at intervals during the last twenty years. And now be felt that he would have to make still another before he died, for the receipt of Richard's letter had filled him with for

giving thoughts. Half an hour claused, and when Miss Hammond, knocking at the bedroom door, received no answer she walked hurriedly in and found her brother still where she had left him in his chair, but a strange change had come over his face. Instinctively she knew what had happened. Her brother had had a stroke. The doctor came and did what he could. The helpless form of the paralyzed man was laid upon the the patient never rallied nor spoke again, and on that night he died.

When morning dawned, and the household of Ormsby Grange were astir, the servants on entering the lower rooms were startled to find that the house had been entered by burglars during the night and a quantity of plate and other property stolen. Among other places a secret cup-board in Mr. Hammond's study, used by him as a safe, had been broken open and rifled. A burglary is never a pleasant episode, but for a house to be broken into and robbed while the master of it lay dead in his bed presented itself in a sufficiently shocking light to the mourning inmates of the Grange. Beside the members of the family already alluded to and the domestics there were in the house at the time the doctor, the housekeeper-who had been in Mr. Rammond's service for twenty-five yearsand the nephew and niece of the housekeeper, James and Eliza Tierce, who were staying with their aunt on a visit. Not one, however, of all the inmates could afford any clew to the causes or manper of the burglary, and the servants declared that all the doors and windows had been safely secured as usual. An entry, nevertheless, had been effected by the burglars through the study window, and it was evidently the secret curboard in that room on which they had first laid hands.

It was supposed that a considerable quantity of jewelry, which had belonged to the second Mrs. Hammond, had been kept by the deceased in this receptuele. There was also reason to believe that Mr. Hammond's will had been deposited there. The family lawyer came over on the second day, and he was fully of the opinion that the will had been deposited for security in the study safe, and had been stolen along with the jewelry. At all events no will was forthcoming. The most minute search of the house falled to bring to light the missing document. The lawyer stated that it had been his late client's custom, when he wanted to make a fresh will, to send to his solicitors for the last one. He would then make alterations and additions to it in his own handwriting and send it back to be put into legal form and re-engrossed The new will would then be returned to him with the old one, when he would exe cute the former and destroy the latter with his own hand. On the last secusion, however, Mr. Hammond seemed to have departed from his customary practice. He had, as usual, sent for his last preceding will, and had been seen by the butler making alterations and erasures in the door nent, and later on he had been seen mak-

On the following day he had requested his doctor and one of the few neighbors with whom he was on visiting terms to witness the execution of a will. They had duly done so, and had both noticed that the document which they had attested was written in the testator's handwriting. This took place about six weeks before and's death. Neither the will so executed nor the previous will had been returned to the solicitors. Two days before the death the husband of Mr. Hammond's second daughter, Mr. Laybrook, ras intrusted by the sick man with the keys of the cupbound, in order to fetch a cash box which was kent there. He noticed at this time, immediately at the front of the cupboard, a document, indersed in the deceased a handwriting, with his name and the words, "Last will and testament."

Early on the morning of the day appoint ed for the funeral, four days, in fact, after Mr. Hammond's death, his aldest son Richard, arrived at Or naby Grange, None of the rest of the family knew that he had returned to England, and that he had been esiding for a month of two in one of the northern counties, waiting, in fact, for his father's summons before he ventured to return to his old home. The news of the nouncement in The Times, and he then | ly,

let him into the chamber of death, to gaze for the last time on his father's face-alas' so changed, so calm, so still! What a host of memories crowded in upon him as he stood there beside the bed! Memories of childhood's happy hours, watched over by this fond father's leving care; memories of schooldays and holldays, when pleasures had been plentiful and punishments prob-ably too few; memories of later youth and a ense of chafing at restraint from the mild est of paternal discipline; then the start in ife and the dislike to work, the evil companions, the craving for amusements, and then the occasional quarrels and final rupture with that good father who wished only for the welfare of his child. Ah, yes; Richard knew only too well what a bad son he had been. He had, indeed, brought down those gray hairs in sorrow to grave. His repentance had come too late.

They bore Charles Hammond to his last resting place in Ormsby church yard. When the mourners returned to the house the lawyer informed the family that no will had been discovered as yet, and that it was feared none would be found.

After the lapse of two or three months without the finding of a will, Richard Hammond and Paul Hammond took out letters of administration of their father's estate. Certain property had been settled upon the children of the respective marriages under the marriage settlements. was a small real estate called "Greenhill" at the father's disposal, which now passed to Richard as eldest son and heir-at-law. The remainder of the estate was distributed among the children in accordance with the legal rule in the case of an intestacy.

Between the two half brothers, Richard and Paul, there had never been much affection or sympathy, and now Paul, who for the last three years, since Richard's rupture with his father, had considered himself the old man's heir, could not endure, without much chagrin and jenlousy, Richard thus stepping into his shoes and tak-ing possession of the freehold property which he (Paul) had long regarded as his rightful inheritance. That Mr. Hammond had made a will in his favor, leaving him the property, Paul was convinced, for his father had told him so in so many words not many weeks before he died. What, then, had become of this missing will? To solve this problem Paul felt that he must n the first place get on the track of the burglars who had broken into the Grange a the night when his father died, and who had stolen everything from the study safe, including, no doubt, the precious document which was lost. Immediately after the discovery of the burglary Paul had caused a detective to be sent down from London, who had been occupied for some days in conducting investigations on the spot. Some fragments of circumstantial vidence were obtained, but not sufficient o direct suspicion to any known individual, and the police professed to come to the conclusion that the robbery was the work of thieves from London.

And so time went on, but six months after the burglary a gold watch chain, subsequently identified as having belonged to the second Mrs. Hammond, was offered in pledge at a London pawnbroker's. The person who had offered it was afterward traced and arrested. He proved to be the young man, James Tierce by name, well known at Ormsby Grange as the nephew of the housekeeper there. He had been a great favorite with Mr. Hammond, as had also been his sister, a girl a year or two older than himself, and the pair had been frequent visitors at the house during the deceased gentleman's lifetime; in fact, James Tierce was the last individual who had been with Mr. Hammond before his paralytic seizure. On the young man's bengings being searched after his arrest certain other small valuables, which had undoubtedly belonged to the dead man, were found. The prisoner accounted for the possession of all the articles by stating that they had been given by Mr. Ham-mond either to his sister or himself. The evidence, however, of a housemaid, who had seen Tierce crossing the hall to the study with a bunch of keys in his hand on the morning of that fatal 6th of December, tended to connect him with the burglary, and this evidence being offered on the hearing of the charge before the magistrates, and not satisfactorily refuted, the young man was in the end committed for

In the interval that elapsed before the assizes Paul Hammond visited the prisoner in his cell. He found the poor fellow dreadfully depressed and low spirited, but not out hope that he would be able to clear himself at the trial.

"This is indeed kind of you, Mr. Paul," said the prisoner with a grateful look, "to pay me a visit in this dreadful place. It makes me fancy that you, at any rate, do not believe me guilty of robbing your father, who was always so good to me "I hardly know what to think, James,"

replied his visitor, "but I am most auxious to discover the truth of what happened on the night my father died. They may not have told you that my father's will has never yet been found. It is believed that it was stolen along with the valuables in the safe. Now I care nothing about the lewelry and such things, nor am I caper to see the poor wretch who robbed us suffer; but what I do want to recover is the mising will. It is a matter of great moment to me, and also to others '

"This is the first word I have heard, sir, about a missing will; but-but"-and here the prisoner's face brightened considerably think I can tell you something, Mr Paul which may throw some light on the You will remember how, on the morning of your father's seizure, he asked to be left alone for a while when they brought him his letters? Well, as it hap pened, I was the last to leave his room, for I had been helping Miss Hammond to move him in his big chair nearer the fire, as he ing the door after me, he called me back and said, 'James, I want you to do a little others to know about it, you understand, and I feel I can trust you. Here are my keys. This small one unlocks a secret cupboard in my study, which you will find be hind the pertrait of my first wife that hangs over my writing table. Open the cupboard and take out my will and bring it here to me. If you see two wills, or bring the one which is in my own hand writing the other is merely an old one which I have altered."

"And did you do this?" asked Paul with

"Yes," continued Tierce, "I did exactly as he wished. I went down to the study When I opened the supposed door I found the two wills tied together, and taking out the top one, which I saw was indersed in your father's writing, I left the other inside, re-locked the cunboard and went up stairs. I then handed the document to your father, who was reading a letter in front of the fire, and gave him the keys. He thanked me, and I withdrew. It would be half an hour later when Miss Hammond went back and found he had had a stroke In my opinion, sir, he put the will into the inner pocket of the dressing gown he was wearing, and no doubt it is lying there What became of that dressing gown,

Mr. Pauly" "The dressing gown!" exclaimed Mr. Paul, with a look of consternation, "why, my father was buried in it! It was his shroud. The garment, which was a very uncommon one of silk embroidery, was worked for him by my mother shortly be-fore her death, and he had always told my sister that he wished to be buried in it when he died. That wish was, of course,

respected and carried out." "Then the will, sir," said Tierce solemn-, "is now lying in the coffin along with started for home without delay. One of I the dead man. I am sure of it."

"But, if true, want a terrible position for me to be placed in," murmured Paul. "I must have time to reflect what is to be done. In the meanwhile I will not forget you, James. I will do all I can to prove your innocence, for I now firmly believe

you to be innocent."
"Indeed, indeed, I am, Mr. Paul! The few trinkets that have been found were either given to my sisteror myself by your father at different times during his lifetime. God knows they were never stolen Being in want of money-my sister and -a short time ago, we pawned a gold watch chain which your father gave Eliza on her twenty-first birthday, and that has been the cause of all this trouble."

"I fully believe all you have told me." said Paul. "Everything shall be put right at the trial if only we can secure the real culprits or get some clew of them," and he shook the prisoner warmly by the hand, promising to see him again in a day or

While this interview was proceeding in the jail another of a different character was taking place at Ormsby grange. A man had called, asking to see Mr. Richard Hammond on particular business, and was shown in. When Richard entered the room he was startled to find that his visitor was none other than a disreputable little money-lending Jew from the neighboring town, called Myers, with whom he

had had dealings in the past.
"You wish to see me?" said Richard interrogatively.
"I do, badly," mumbled the old man,

with a diabolical smile. "I need not intro-duce myself, I think." "No; you are Myers, the Jew, the money lender, the rascal, the thief? Yes, I re-

member you well enough." pocket a document written on large white paper and folded. "It is your father's last will and testament. Never mind how I got it. I have got it; and unless you pay me all that you owe me on the bond I shall hand this will over to your brother. The Greenhill estate is left to him. Your name is not mentioned. So, my fine fellow, Pay me or take the consequences.

Dick Hammond, although considerably taken aback, was fully equal to the oc-"If that is my father's will, villain, you have stolen it! You, then, were the thief who robbed his house the very night he

"I was. I do not deny it-to you. I felt sure the old man had disinherited you. I was told he was dying, and I knew if I could make away with the will in time you would come into your estate and I should get my money. Do you still refuse

You have been paid already." "And you will give use nothing further?"

"Then I take the will to your brother," and he prepared to leave the room. But Dick was too quick for him. Seizing Myers with one hand, he rang the bell with the other, and when assistance came he had the wretched Jew tied and secured, while he himself rode off on borseback to the nearest magistrate for a warrant to arrest the real burglar, who had thus been safely caught at last,

There is not much more to tell. Needless to say that the will in the Jew's possession was the old one, full of alterations and corrections, with the signature torn off and valueless. Myers had known this well enough, but had not scrupled to use the document for the purpose of a threat, which, unhappily for him, had had a far different result from what he had expected. The innocence of James Tierce was spely established, most of the stolen valuables were recovered, while Myers, together with an accomplice, who turned out to be a professional burglar, was found guilty and sentenced to penal servitude.

Some weeks later Paul Hammond, after no little delay and difficulty, succeeded in windows.

Such a his father's vault in Ormsby church yard and an examination of the coffin. And there, as James Tierce had foretold, in the inside breast pocket of the faded silk dressing gown, which still clung around the decay ing corpse, was found the dead man's will -that last will which he himself had weitten out in his own handwriting, and which had been signed and witnessed six weeks before his death; that same will—now discolored, but still legible enough-which James Tierce had fetched for him, and in which Richard Hammond's name did not once appear. But, strange to say, when the lawyer came to examine if, both signature and date were found to be missing. They had been torn away from the document just in the same manner as from the older will, and the missing fragments were

not fortheoming "I regret to tell you, Mr. Paul," said the lawyer, "that this will, so strangely found at last, is legally inoperative. Whether at last, is legally inoperative. the testator tore off the missing fragments and burnt them just before his fatal seizure, and then put the document in his pocket, animo revocandi, or whether this mutilation has occurred through decom position or otherwise since his death and ourial I cannot positively affirm, but the former certainly appears to me to be by far the more likely explanation. In any case, your father's will as it now stands is cleary invalid, and the court would refuse to admit it to probate."

Paul bore his defeat with a good grace The disposition of Mr. Hammond's property under the intestacy consequently remained unaffected by the discovery of the will, and when it was found that Richard's letter asking for forgiveness must have reached his father on the very morning of the day he died, the family could not but feel instinctively that this silent, unseen act of revocation of the will had been a token of the dying man's unspoken pardon to the repentant prodigal.-London Truth,

It has been noticed that liability to cancer diminishes from about 45 to 55 onward, service for me. I do not wish any of the and after 70 there is little fear from this disease. Only one centenarian is known to have died from it.

Things That Are Polite.

It is polite to promptly ask every one to take a chair who enters your house or of-fice, and the more cultivated you are the more widely will you extend such courtesies to humble people. It is polite to do everything for another which will gratify and is not unreasonable. It is polite to make no allusion to age. It is polite to spare people older than yourself any exertion or personal effort even in the merest

It is polite to take no notice whatever of accidents or annoying occurrences, unless by so doing you can be of assistance. It is polite to make ready and unstudied sacrifices of your exertion or of your comfort to gratify others, or do a service for a friend. It is polite to suppress your peculiar tenets in religion or politics before those who differ with you.-Jenness-Miller Magazine.

Flowers at Funerals. The excessive use of flowers is wisely abandoned, and to most of the printed death notices the words "no flowers" are appended. The fashion of sending flowers to funerals is almost as much of a tax upon the living as is the indiscriminate bestowing of wedding presents, and is, at best, but a ceremonial of usage, endowed with but scanty sentiment and much on

tentation. A few cut flowers are in much better taste than the stiff gates ajar, the broken pillars and wreaths that were so much in rogue up to a lew years ago, and which often represented nothing more than the expenditure of large sums of money -Jonness-Miller Mager ne. of accomplishment. - Harper's Bazar

A VALUABLE SECRET.

A MASSACHUSETTS RECLUSE WONT SELL A GREAT IDEA

He Knows a Process That Is Worth \$800,000 to the United States Government-He Has Led a Hermit's Life for Forty Years-He Lives on \$15 a Year

On the wall behind the stovepipe in the ffice of the Stone hotel at Great Barrington, Mass., hangs a crayon portrait, life size, of a queer genius. It is that of a round headed man, with slightly convex face, shelving forehead, somewhat shelving chin, and wide open, wild looking eyes. original of the sketch is Clinton Crosby, recluse, gunsmith, 75 years old. He is a borer of gun barrels as well.

Clinton Crosby came from Connecticut, the land of inventors, forty years ago, and has dwelt alone in the mountains since. What part of the land of steady habits was his birthplace and early home no one knows; he does not talk much, least of all about himself and his history. But this much is known: In youth and early manhood he was spruce, smart, good looking, and his head was packed full of thinking

He fell in love with a Connecticut belle In a country village, and the maiden professed to be in love with Clinton. Whether she ever really loved him, or, thirsting for conquest, only pretended an affection she did not feel, is not known; but finally she filted him, married another man, raised a houseful of babies, and lived very happily, as most women do in similar instances.

HE TAKES TO THE WOODS. "Take care! take care!" he yelled. "Do

"Do But Crosby was of different metal: he
you see this?" And he drew from his the heart spoiled him entirely. His head went wrong. He became odd, yet remained shrewd and sensible enough withal; soured on the world, turned hermit and settled in the mountains about Great Barrington. One morning he suddenly appeared in that village nearly forty years ago, bought lumber, dragged it into the forest and built a two story house over a wild stream in a black gorge among the bills. He has dwelt there since. Now and then he comes into the village for supplies, and has a few friends there.

The most remarkable thing about Crosbs is that he carries in his head a secret that is worth \$800,000. The United States government wants that secret, but Crosby won't sell it. A mechanic of wonderful ingenuity, he discovered many years ago a method for boring gun and rifle barrels far superior to any other in the world. A barrel bored by him is endowed with extraordinary propelling force, penetration and marvelous precision. How the old man ever managed to do such work in a shop in which little machinery is to be seen is a profound mystery.

Though he lives alone and is not overfond of society, yet he receives every one who calls at his home in good style. Follow a wild mountain road with manifold turnings to his shaggy, unpainted hut; cross a little grassy glade to the rough, heavy front door and rap on the panels The rap echoes in the hollow house and there is perfect silence again, interrupted only now and then by the twitter of shy forest birds in the boughs of distant trees IN HIS DWELLING,

The windows of the dwelling are open, and soon the visitor hears the leisurely shuffle of Crosby coming in response to the rap. Of giant frame that is somewhat bowsed, with unshaven face ablaze with eyes that have an almost furiously intent look, the host is the sort of a man whose face alone would frighten a timid visitor into the woods again. He shakes hands with his caller, leads him into his workshop, directs him to take a seat, and then with an air of unfathemable secrecy bolts all the doors and shuts and fastens all the

Such a reception from such a man, with such flerce eyes, is not at all agreeable to nothing worse than a morbid and eccentric precaution against the eavesdropping appliances, the exhibition of which might betray his secret, surely they are invisible, There is not even a turning lathe to be seen In his shop. All his tools, it is said, are

After locking himself and visitor into the workroom Crosby comes right up to lamp post.
his visitor, squares away at him, and lets A "high drive a conversational broadside on any thing and everything at a rate that would ruin a typewriter in thirty minutes. Yet interrupt his volley of language with a question about his great invention and instantly he becomes as secretive and taciturn as an image.

How He LIVES.

The old man hasn't done much work for many years. It is almost impossible to persuade him to bore a rifle or gun barrel for money now, though he will do the job for a trusted friend if in the mood for it. He does very little work of any kind, and though \$15 a year is ample income for him he is forced to live more frugally each year. Now and then he mends a gun lock, and is very expert at the work, and is as secretive as an alchemist at that task, looking himself into his room before he takes a tool in In Great Barrington he has a few warm friends, notably Mr. Hollister, the merchant, who, by means of kindly diplomacy, has befriended him in many ways.

As proud as a prince is the old fellow, and the quickest way to excite his indignation and wrath is to offer him pecaniary Even from the artist who cultivated the hermit's friendship and drew the crayon likeness of him, he never would accept any other gifts than cigars and pipes-

In several instances the national government has endeavored to purchase the gunsmith's great secret: twice or thrice it sent official messengers thither to negotiate with

The gun boring process is likely to perish with the brain that conceived it, but not very soon. The old inventor is still rugged and vigorous as any black oak on Prospect mountain. In forty years he has lot beep sick one hour .- Cor. New York

A Boston Woman's Erudite Butler. A butler who can "butle" as well as the

in the farce is the requisite of one unily returning early to town, and an adsement brought a serious, well bred lack man, who stipulated that he could ake the place for one year only. "But if you like the place and we like

a se shall hope to keep you," said Mrs. , madam," said the applicant, "next all I shall have money enough to begin

sy theological course."
So this year the X's will be served by a sture minister whose English is as correct es his principles. - Boston Transcript.

his beneficent plan is feasible and certain

To Do Away with "Old Maids." Gen. Booth, the commander-in-chief of he English Salvation army, is an earnest social reformer. One of the practical methods of a redistribution of social forces, n his opinion, is a grand matrimonial agency, conducted by fit persons, through whose intervention thousands of homeless men all over the world might become known to the thousands of spinsters who would make the best of wives, but who are wasting their higher possibilities for want of a chance to utilize them. Gen. Booth expects to be laughed at, but & sure that

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TENDER HEARTED GAMINS.

An Illustration of the Better Side of Their Rough, Rugged Life. Two street gamins of the tuffbay perrunsion were whistling along the street and puffing eigarette smoke in each other's Their day's work was over and they were happy, for each had done a good business and was rattling the money in his

"I'm purty tired; guess I'll ride," said one, sneaking toward the rear step of a passing car. "Goin' ter take de car, Jimmy?" asked

the other with apparent interest. "Naw; de car's goin' ter take me. Dat's anuder joke-see?" And both urchins, chuckling with mirth,

froze to the tail end of the car while the conductor was inside ringing up fares, and rode two blocks before they were kicked off. But, full of undiluted deviltry as the street urchin is, there is another and redeem-ing side to his nature, a trait that goes far toward the making of a true gentleman. He would not know what to call it, he would probably deny any insinuation of possess-ing it, but if there was a fight between dogs or boys at unfair odds he would rush in at a risk to himself to the support of the weaker combatant. He would probably stand up and take a black eye without a murmur while rescuing from tormenting boys a stray kitten upon which he had "sicked" a dog an hour before, and if he saw any one in real trouble would "shell out" till his pockets were empty. It is this chivalrous spirit that has bread in the heart of the observer an abiding respect for

the small boy of the payement. It was just as the throngs were beginning ns unaccustomed to encounter all to gather at the doors of the theatres on a sorts of queer people; but Crosby means recent evening. A little wizened, bowed and shriveled up old woman had been tramping the street all day grinding a world. He has simply grown to revel in squeaky, debilitated organette. Through his little serio-comic play of hiding an \$800,000 mechanical secret; yet all his pre- | half the bars of the tunes attempted were cautions are oddly theatrical, and nothing silent, and the people greatly rejoiced more, for if the inventor has any telltule thereat, while the poor woman ground stolidly away without seeming to realize the difference. She had gathered a few coppers from people upon whom her music had been afflicted, and now sat in a demor alized heap on the extreme edge of the side walk, grinding the organ in the shade of a

A "high roller" came along, nearly stumbled over the shapeless object, and then, discovering its nature, with his patent leathers and a contemptuous sport shoved old woman, organ and all into the gutter, while her tin cup was overturned and the coppers rolled in every direction. The old woman, who appeared to be in a dazed con-dition, lay helpless in the gutter, while cries of "Shame! Shame"! went un from bystanders, and the high sport disappt ared

In a neighboring saloon.
But two newsboys, who had seen the or currence and joined in the indignant outburst of all who witnessed it, were the first to the old woman's assistance. One of them righted her up, speaking consoling words meanwhile, and the other searched the gutter for her lost pennies. Then the one who had helped her up, to the crowd of gamins that had gathered at sighs of something unusual, essayed a speech. "Fellers," he said, "here's a poor old granny dat grinds a han' orgin, and a big, dirty bloke jest kicked her inter de gutter an split her pennies. Who's agoin' ter chip in fer de old lady?"

In a shamefaced way, as if they would prefer to be seen riding in the patrol wagon. every one of those urchins who had any wealth in his clothes came up and deposited from one to five cents in the tin cup. Then the crowd, incited by the newsboy's manner and speech, also chipped in, and the old woman, who undoubtedly was an inveterate beggar, without the slightest claim to sympathy, hobbled away with a unful of each as a result of the gamin's chivalrous generosity.-Syracuse Journal.

His Well Runs Gold and Silver. There is a wonderful well down near the

abundant flow of pure water, sufficient to rigate a considerable amount of land That would be enough for any one but a San Luis man. But this is mineral water It is effervescent, very palatable and ex-tremely healthful. Nor is this all; the

catch the metal and prevent it from choking the cows. Local scientists claim that at a great depth and under enormous pressure the water is washing away a ledge of rock whose softer parts go into solution and give the water its mineral qualities, but whose gold and sliver, not being dissolved ebt to the surface in a metallic state.-Pike's Peak Herald.

Room for Consumptives.

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